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Greencastle Herald.

THE WEATHER REPORT.
Thunder showers to-night or to-morrow.

VOL. 5 NO. 75.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, MONDAY, JUNE 27, 1910.

SINGLE COPIES 5c.

BENEFIELD IS LODGED IN JAIL

MAN WITH SUICIDE MANIA IS
BROUGHT HERE FROM RUSSELLVILLE ON SATURDAY.

SHERIFF GOES IN AUTO

In answer to a hurry call from Russellville on Saturday afternoon, Sheriff Stroube and Deputy Kelley hastened to the North Putnam town in Henry Vaughan's party car and brought back with them Benefield, the barber who has repeatedly attempted to commit suicide and to injure those persons who attempted to restrain him. The sheriff was advised that Benefield was dangerous and that Russellville had no place to care for him or to hold him prisoner. A commission had already declared the man insane and application had been made for admission to the Indianapolis Hospital for the Insane. It was felt by the Russellville authorities that he might do harm before the time for removal to the hospital, hence the call for the sheriff.

Sheriff Stroube reports that he and Deputy Kelley found no trouble in placing the man in custody. He appeared to be weak and ill and made no resistance. He will be held in jail here till the admission application is acted upon by the authorities at the hospital.

COLORADO BOY STEALS HORSE

Drove Mose Crawford's Rig off on Sunday Morning—Is Now in Jail.

A colored boy, giving his age as fourteen and his home at Indianapolis has been in jail at Danville since Sunday evening, charged with stealing a horse and buggy belonging to Moses Crawford from the hitch rack on the west side of Danville, Sunday morning. Mr. Crawford drove in from his home

south of town to attend the Presbyterian Sunday School. When he was ready to start for home his horse and buggy were missing, and inquiry soon developed the fact that a negro boy had been seen going southwest in the rig. The officers at once went in search of the boy and the rig, and the telephone was used in putting the people on the lookout for the boy and rig. The facts later developed that the boy had started southwest along the fill for the Amo extension of the Danville Interurban line, which is being used as a road. When near Amo he tried to turn out to get past a wire fence, when the buggy turned upside down and the old mare, who has seen more than seventeen summers, was left lying on her back in a ditch. The boy struck out until he reached the Vandavia railroad, and started east at Claytown where the officers had been warned by telephone, he was seen and ordered to stop, which he did not do, but started to run. A party got out a hand car and soon had him in tow, when he was brought to Danville, and placed in jail. The rig was found about six o'clock, the mare still lying on her back in the ditch, and nearly worn out by her struggles to get up.

The boy told several stories of the affair. One was that he in company with two other colored boys had come from Indianapolis on bicycles. His wheel had broken down and his companions suggested that he steal a horse and buggy, which he did. The other boys were seen later on their bicycles west of Danville, still getting as far as possible away from Indianapolis. Another story told by the prisoner was that he was with a colored man, who stole the horse and then turned it over to him, but this story is given little credence by the officers. The youngster will no doubt draw a term at the Indiana Boys' School and may be there before this reaches our readers.—Plainfield Friday Caller.

Mrs. Clifford Ahlmyer and Miss Mary Price entertained about thirty ladies yesterday afternoon at the former's home on North Meridian street, in compliment to the bride-elect, Miss Sophronia King. The affair was in the form of a miscellaneous shower, and the many beautiful presents were displayed in the dining room, which was a mass of sweet peas, and asparagus. Mrs. George Riddell, Jr., of Indianapolis, Mrs. C. Arnett, of Linton, and Miss Lorene Crouch, of Greencastle, were the out of town guests.—Brazil Times.

ELKS READY FOR BASE BALL

LOCAL LODGE TO SHOW THE
GAME TO VISITORS FROM
TERRE HAUTE ON
TUESDAY.

CITY PREPARES TO SEE

Unless all signs fail Tuesday afternoon will see a record-breaking crowd on McKean Field for the Elks baseball game. It will be the initial contest of the season and there is much interest manifested on the part of many persons who are not members of the local lodge. Last year the local team put up an excellent article of baseball, and the city enjoyed the diversion the games made in the quiet of a Greencastle summer.

The team has not yet been picked, but it is probable that the following men will fill the positions at the beginning of the game tomorrow. Hardin will catch, and the pitching will doubtless be done by Thomas and Moore. The old stand by, Ed. Elteljorg, will hold first, with Lockridge on second, Ellis on short and Rector on third. In the field there will probably be Hirt, Cannon, Shamel, Durham and Curtis. At times during the game other good men will be in readiness to don the uniform and enter the fray should occasion demand.

The Terre Haute team and rooters will come up in the afternoon and at the close of the game will remain in Greencastle for the lodge meeting of the evening.

LOOKING OVER THE TIN PLATE MILL

E. J. JOB, PRESIDENT OF ASHLAND, KY., MANUFACTURING COMPANY, HERE TO-DAY.

MAY BUY THE LOCAL PLANT

E. J. Job, president of the Job Iron & Steele Company, of Ashland, Ky., was here today to look at the local Tin Plate Mill. The local mill at some future date is to be sold at auction and Mr. Job is here to look at the mill and estimate its value. He probably will be one of the bidders when the mill is sold.

Mr. Job was taken to the Tin Plate Mill by Thad Peck, trustee in bankruptcy of the tin plate mill. Mr. Job looked the mill over thoroughly and was impressed with it. He states that he will have to move from his present location within a year and came to look at the Greencastle situation in view of purchasing the local plant. Although the mill, itself is satisfactory, he will have to investigate the freight rates on coal and materials, look into the water situation and look after many details before he can determine whether this will be a suitable location for him or not.

The death of Edward Hunnicut, age 26 years, son of W. H. Hunnicut, of Wellington, Kan., occurred at his home, 3838 Kentwood Avenue, Indianapolis, of tuberculosis, at 5:30 Sunday afternoon. The body will be brought here on Wednesday afternoon. Funeral arrangements will be announced later. He is survived by a widow and one son. Mr. Hunnicut was a nephew of Robert Crow.

George Cannon left this morning for Muncie, where he will take a traveling position with the Durham Fireless Cooker Company of that city.

ADVERTISE IT IN THE HERALD.

MARRIED AT COURT HOUSE

This afternoon Samuel W. Pierce, of Aberdeen, S. D., and Mrs. Agnes Hardin of Princeton, Ind., both colored, were united in marriage in the ante room of the clerk's office in the courthouse. The ceremony was performed by Squire Ashton. There were present besides the bride and groom the two young children of the bride.

WATER WORKS ASSESSED

The Putnam County Board of Review this afternoon announced that the board had made assessments upon the property, personal and real, of the Roachdale Electric Light Company and the Greencastle Water Works Company. The Electric Company was assessed at \$3,410 and the Water Works at \$55,000.

PERSONAL AND LOCAL

The Rebekahs will meet tomorrow evening.

P. C. Hall is in Terre Haute on business today.

J. P. Allee is in Indianapolis today on legal business.

Mrs. Eliza Wallace is spending the day in Indianapolis.

Hubert Jordan was an interurban passenger this morning.

H. R. Callender was an Indianapolis passenger this morning.

Dr. C. W. Dicks of Indianapolis, was the guest of Miss Olus Wright, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Miller, of Terre Haute, were visiting relatives here, yesterday.

Georgia Samuels has returned to her home in Terre Haute after a visit with relatives here.

Mrs. S. C. Lank and daughter, Miss W. S. Lank, were Indianapolis passengers, this morning.

Dr. G. W. Bence was called to Brazil this afternoon in consultation with Dr. Gifford and Dr. Sourwine of that town.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Saltmarsh, of Indianapolis, were visiting Mrs. Saltmarsh's mother, Mrs. Hawkins, at her home, yesterday.

Wilbur Baggs and N. G. Williams, of Terre Haute, were visiting Sigma Chi brothers here yesterday. They drove over in Mr. Baggs's car.

Mrs. C. N. Stevens, who has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Swahlen for the past two weeks, left for her home in Evanston, Ill., Monday.

George Tucker of this town took second premium, with his fine black driving horse at the Roachdale horse show last week in the age mare or gelding class.

By request of friends, Rev. E. B. Houck will preach tomorrow, Tuesday evening at the frame school house on the Rockville road in the northwest part of town. Neighbors and friends are cordially invited to attend. The service will begin at 7:45.

The White River Valley Soldiers and Sailors' Association will hold its eighth annual reunion at Martinsville, Ind., on Thursday, Aug. 25th, 1910. Soldiers of any arm of service, in any of the wars of the country—are any command, in infantry, cavalry, artillery, or engineering corps; and sailors, or marines, are all included in the invitation to be with us on that occasion. There will be an automobile ride of twelve miles for all the visitors under this invitation, at 10 a. m. Meetings will be in the Blackstone Theatre. Reunion at 1 p. m. Camp Fire with moving picture show at night. The address will be made by Rev. Dan Ryan, of Sullivan County, who was himself a gallant soldier. Fine program of instrumental and vocal music—the Presbyterian quartet, and the Seider's quartet, being on the program. The Martinsville Brass Band will also "be in it." Other features will be added in the arrangement of the program.

CHILDREN'S DAY AT FILLMORE

GOOD PROGRAM AND LARGE
AUDIENCE AT THE EXERCISES ON SUNDAY
NIGHT.

THE STORM CAUSES TROUBLE

Marion Township and Fillmore were largely represented in the large audience that attended the Children's Day exercises in the church at Fillmore on Sunday night. The church was filled and there is only praise for the excellent program. This program was as follows:

Program.

Song: "All Hail the Power," by school.

Prayer, Sister Anna Storm.

Children's Day, Inez Oliver.

Rally Day, Bernice Hammond.

Exercise, "Children's Day," by Primary Class.

"I am Jesus' Little Lamb," by Irene Buntin.

Song: "Little Things," by children.

Speech, Bertha Storm.

Life's Plan, three boys.

Legend of the Rose, Lillie Sidons.

The Lilly and the Star, Gladys Hammond.

Motion Song, four girls.

Things Worth, While, fifteen children.

Little Red Clover, Ollie Gass, Doris Ousler.

Three Little Braves, Monie Ruark.

Song and Collection.

My Pa, Harold McNary.

Drill, sixteen people.

Some of the Boys of the Bible, six boys.

Song, Clara Ona Rector.

Thank You Heavenly Father, Kathleen Ousler.

Rose Garden, by girls.

Song: "God Be With You 'Till We Meet Again."

Benediction.

When the audience departed for home they went in the face of the Sunday night storm. It was unusually dark and a number of slight accidents are reported from driving off culverts, into ditches and wire fences. Several vehicles were overturned, and several horses were cut in the wire. No persons are reported injured.

FLOATING COLLEGE SAILS

Steamer Wittekind off With Female Seminary Abroad.

For the first time from this port a steamer, which will be floating college, left yesterday for Bremen.

It was the North German Lloyd steamer Wittekind, and while Captain Obenauer is directing the course of the ship to its destination, classes will be taught on board daily. Prof. Charles H. Stumberg, of Baton Rouge, La., assisted by Prof. I. F. Kuschke, of Milkes-Barre, Pa., will have charge of a class of young ladies who will study French and German while the Wittekind plows her way eastward. Upon arrival at Bremen the class is to visit Dresden and Munich, where lectures will be attended at the universities in these seats of learning. The Passion Play at Oberammergau will be attended.

The class will return to Baltimore on the steamer Maine, which will sail from Bremen on August 25th.—Baltimore Sun.

There are twenty-two young ladies in the party and among them is Miss Rose F. Laitem, of Greencastle, who is a member of the DePauw faculty.

THE WHEAT HARVEST.

The wheat harvest is on in the Ohio valley and in other section of the country as well. The binders

by and by the hum of the thrasher will be heard.

There have been better wheat crops in the Ohio valley than the present one, which, according to the best of authorities in such matters, will be anywhere from 65 to 75 per cent of normal. In some few localities the yield is better than last year. In most cases, however, it is not nearly so good. Pretty soon the big western fields will be ready for the harvest, and Kansas already is sending out a Macedonian cry for aid. At least 20,000 men will be needed to help take care of the Kansas crop. A good many of the 20,000 are now making their way thither by slow stages, some of them on the brake beams of the freight trains.

The Chicago speculators, who have been taking so much interest in the wheat crop, will soon know more about it than they do at present. For months they have been studying the crop reports and the weather conditions, and have had their ears to the ground in the meanwhile for information of the ravages of frosts, storms, rust, the green bug, the grasshopper, the Hessian fly and other enemies of danger have done their worst, but for all their efforts there will be a large amount of wheat in the country when the threshers have done their work and the results are ascertained.

Clova Eloise Coffin, infant daughter of Drew Coffin, died at her home, near the Center School house, in Floyd Township, at 11 o'clock, last night. The funeral services will be in the Methodist church at Fillmore at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning. Burial will be at the Fillmore Cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Arnold and Mrs. F. C. Tilden are home from French Lick, where they spent several days. Among the Greencastle people who now are at the springs are Mr. and Mrs. Bascom O'Hair and George Crawley.

Notice July 2, 1910.

A big ice cream supper six miles northwest of Greencastle at the Leatherman farm. Everybody invited. Boys bring your girls and have a good time. Will open at 10:30 a. m.

HENRY BROTHERS.

BECOMES LOST IN GREENCASTLE

FORMER CITIZEN BECOMES
CONFUSED LAST NIGHT
WHEN HE GETS OFF
INTERURBAN.

SLEPT IN A FRONT YARD

Confused because of the many changes made in Greencastle in the past twenty years, W. O. Watts, of Arkansas, twenty years ago a resident of Greencastle, became lost when he arrived in town on a late interurban car last night and wandered around in search of the downtown portion of the city and a hotel until he became so exhausted that he fell asleep on a terrace where he had set down to rest.

Watts left Greencastle about twenty years ago. While in Greencastle he was employed at the Barnaby mill. Last night he stopped over here on his way to Bloomington. When he got off of the car at the interurban station things did not look natural to him but, nevertheless, he started out to look for a hotel.

After wandering around for an hour or more he sat down on a terrace to rest and fell asleep. He slept soundly until the rain began to fall, when a passerby directed him to the Commercial hotel. Watts says Greencastle has sure changed since he left. This morning he went to Bloomington.

Jackson Boyd returned this morning from Crawfordville where he spent Sunday with the Hon. Wm. Ballard.

The regular monthly meeting of the Woman's League of the College Avenue Church will be held Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The subject of the afternoon's work will be "The Young Malefactor" by Miss Hanna. A full attendance is desired.

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The kind you'll enjoy for
your summer dress

Autrim and Lotus Laws in dots, rings and stripes in all colors at 5c per yd.

Golden Cross and Crystal Batiste in many different designs, fine stripes, dots, rings in different shades at 10c and 15c per yard.

Poplins in all the new and wanted shades at 25c per yard.

Pacific French Organdies, white back ground, with pink, lavender and blue flowers at 15c per yard.

Tourist Cloth in blue and lavender very suitable for long coats, 35c per yard.

These are all of firm texture and laundry beautifully.

THE MODEL

CLOTHING AND DRY GOODS STORES

16 AND 18 SOUTH INDIANA.

THE HERALD

Founded 1906

PUBLISHED EVENING

Except Sunday by the Star and Democrat Publishing Company at 17 and 19 South Jackson Street, Greencastle, Ind.

F. C. TILDEN - - - C. J. ARNOLD
—Editors—

Terms of Subscription.

One Year, in Advance \$3.00

By Carrier in City, per week 6 cents

Single Copies 2 cents

Advertising Rates Upon Application

WEEKLY STAR-DEMOCRAT

Established 1868

The official county paper, sent to any address in the United States, for \$1.00 a year—Payable strictly in advance.

Entered as second-class mail matter at the Greencastle, Ind. Postoffice.

Telephone No. 66

Senator Gore's charge that he was offered \$50,000 bribe explains some things before not clear. Among them is the fact that some congressmen and senators can afford to pay from \$50,000 to \$100,000 for campaign expenses. It is evident that there are senators who did not tell the world of the bribe when it was offered. We wonder of James E. Watson, from his long experience in Congress might not be able to hunt down some of the bribe givers!

The American people are in for more and more surprises. Congressman Crumpacker is now out with a statement that the Taft administration has accomplished more than any administration in thirty years. Luckily Mr. Crumpacker does not state for whom the things were accomplished, leaving the people firm in their belief that the "things accomplished" were for the trusts. Still the idea of Taft having done something is surprising. When we remember that he did not have time to investigate the Ballinger affair but took another man's word for it, and when we remember that he has acquired the reputation of being a golf-links-executive, in fact when we remember anything we have read, even in Republican papers about Taft, we are surprised when we are told that he has accomplished "more things." Can it be possible that Mr. Crumpacker's fear for his seat has led him to biased statements regarding the amount of actual good legislation due to the influence of the administration?

DO YOU TAKE THE HERALD?

Queer Furs.

"This is cat fur," said the furrier. "We use it for linings. An excellent lining cat fur makes, too. Docks, calves, coats, coats, opossums, bats, rats, any animal that wears fur, in fact, is salable in the fur market. Bat hair is felted up with other stuff into an imitation skin. It is also used, I believe, in rope plaiting. The dog, the coon and the opossum yield a fur that, properly treated, makes a very handsome lining. Rat skins are employed in certain delicate repairs, and they also serve to form the thumbs of cheap gloves. A queer thing about the fur business is that the furs must be taken in the dead of winter; the trapper must work under the cruelest climatic conditions; only this is the fur at its best. The dresser, on the other hand, who could work best in cold weather, must do all his work in the heat of summer, or otherwise he would not be able to keep up with the changing fashions."

DO YOU TAKE THE HERALD?

CRUELTY IN FISHING.

Most Sportsmenlike Anglers Carry Little Baitons to Kill Victims.

Live bait ought never to be used. To take a living minnow and thrust a hook through its back, and then to jerk it 50 or 60 feet through the air in order that it may wriggle in agony at the end of the line until it attracts some other fish to swallow it, is about as wanton a piece of cruelty as anyone could invent, and unsportsmanlike. The skilful fisherman will use a fly or some other device by which the fish he wishes to capture may be deceived and caught. The live minnow is the bait of the blunderer, not of the expert.

Even experienced fishermen sometimes commit another sort of cruelty which ought never to be practiced. They think that their fish must be kept alive as long as possible, and therefore run a string through its gills and throw it overboard, to be hauled after the boat.

This is as foolish as it is cruel. When the fish has a string through its gills it cannot breathe. It is slowly strangled to death, and if it is hauled through the water after the boat it is simply drowned in its own element. Fish, when taken, should be immediately killed. That is the only way to prevent needless suffering, and we may add that it is the best way to bring the fish home in good condition.

Our best fishermen now carry little baitons or clubs and kill the fish, as soon as taken from the water, by a sharp blow on the back of the head.

Limitations of Practice.

In an Iowa town an action for ejectment was not long ago tried "by the court without a jury," the suit having been brought by a religious society to recover possession of a cemetery.

The defendant, a physician in active practice, had bought the ground for the use of the society, but when afterward he severed his connection with the organization, it was discovered that he had taken the title in his own name and evidently intended to hold on to it.

After duly weighing the evidence, the court ordered judgment for the plaintiff, stating briefly the reasons for the decisions. Whereupon defendant's counsel desired to be more fully enlightened in the premises.

"Certainly," said his Honor. "In addition to what I have already said, there are but two other reasons. One is that the church seems to need a cemetery and the other is that the doctor has failed to show that his practice is sufficiently large to necessitate his maintaining his own burying ground."

Part of the Treatment.

Tompkins had suffered terribly, and at one time it appeared that his illness might have a fatal termination. But skilful doctors and a pretty nurse tended him most carefully, and the crisis was successfully passed. The pretty nurse was Tompkins's one ray of sunshine during his weary hours, and he fell desperately in love with her.

"Nurse Edith," he said one day, "will you be my wife when I recover?"

"Certainly!" replied the consoler of suffering humanity.

"Then my hopes are realized. You do really love me?" queried the anxious Tompkins.

The pretty nurse stammered. "Oh, no," she said; "that's merely part of my treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful. I promised his morning to run away with a man who has lost both his legs."

If you are not satisfied after using according to directions two-thirds of a bottle of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets you can have your money back. The tablets cleanse and invigorate the stomach, improve the digestion, regulate the bowels. Give them a trial and get well. Sold by all dealers.

THE RED LOTUS.

A Story of a Visit to an East Indian Temple.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

It was twilight when Harry Ayers and his guest found themselves outside the Temple of the Five Sighs. They had visited a dozen ancient Calcutta temples that afternoon, and now the dusk had suddenly fallen and turned the crooked length of the narrow street into a dim perspective, lighted here and there by a lantern swinging above a doorway.

In the foreground arose the blank walls of the stone edifice, plored by a low door, beyond which trembled a faint red glow.

"Have you the courage for another one before dinner?" asked Ayers, pausing at the foot of the stone steps.

"Certainly," returned Longwood. "The dozen we have seen this afternoon have not left the impression of antiquity and mysticism for which I was prepared. The carvings are without doubt exquisite, the images masterpieces of horror, but the priests—bah!"

Ayers laughed. "I prophesy that you meet your Waterloo here, Dick. I have never visited this shrine, but Lester has. You know Lester of the India bank?"

Longwood nodded. "Clap with white hair—met him at your club."

"Lester claims his white hair was the result of a night spent in this temple," said Ayers over his shoulder, leading the way up the steps.

The other made no reply, and together they passed through the door and stood in the outer court of the temple. Here mendicant priests squatted about the door of the inner shrine, presenting skinny hands for alms.

Once past these birds of prey they were engulfed in a pale blue cloud of incense, and through it they dimly perceived a large image of the Buddha, gay in rich vestments and sparkling with gems. The massive head looked down upon them with expressionless eyes.



ALWAYS THE CURLING, CLINGING VAPOR, eyes and calm, inscrutable face. Behind the sealed bronze lips were locked secrets of the centuries.

A solitary shaven priest adjusted a prayer screen and arranged on a long teakwood table a row of porcelain bowls. Then he vanished, leaving the Americans alone in the sanctuary.

They drew together and moved nearer the idol. Down in the radiance cast by hanging bronze lamps their momentary depression fled, and they examined with interest the rich carvings and inlaid work within the great niche.

As they lingered the silence seemed to close in about them like a wall, and with one accord they turned toward the door, but the doorway was obscured in heavy swirling clouds of incense, and through the blur they could scarcely discern each other's pale features.

Ayers opened his mouth to speak, but the words were never uttered, for at that instant a low, sighing whisper stirred the silence until the very air seemed to vibrate with its intensity of sorrow and then died away.

The two Americans scowled at the impassive idol in the niche, as if seeking some explanation of the mysterious sound and the strange influence that seemed to rob them of all vitality—to leave them helpless and inert before the inscrutable face.

Between the feet of the squatting god was a small bowl of some strange substance in the form of the beautiful red lotus flower of the east. In turn they touched it with their fingers and admired its beauty. When it was again on the altar their gaze clung to it, and as they looked the petals seemed to expand and float on the misty vapor as on some quiet, gray bosomed lake. Again the long sigh swept over them and with it a breath of exquisite perfume from the lotus flower.

With a mighty effort Longwood tore his gaze away from the flower and made toward the place where he believed the door to be. Ayers followed with laborious panting breaths as one who battled against heavy waves. Solid walls evaded their eager search—always the curling, clinging vapor, receding, advancing in larger billows on ti, choking and gasping, they found themselves once more at the feet of the god, where petals of the lotus flower

er writhed and twisted like tongues of red flame.

Once more the strange whispering sigh swept over them, a sigh heavy with ominous foreboding. It died away and was repeated, and then fell the oppressive silence.

Ayers clutched his companion's arm. "If it comes once more I shall go mad," he breathed hoarsely.

"It will come once more. There is the name, you know—the Temple of the Five Sighs. There must be one more." Longwood's voice was tense with restrained emotion.

And so they listened in the silence, with the heavy perfume of the red lotus encompassing them like a rosy cloud, until they seemed to stand together isolated from the world in the midst of eddying shadows and vague murmuring sounds, with no object in view save the implacable face above them and the writhing flower at its feet.

Hours seemed to pass before the faint whispers of the last sigh stirred the shadows. When it had passed over them and died away in a shuddering moan Ayers was crying like a little child, while Longwood stared wide-eyed at the diminishing flames of the lotus flower on the altar.

As if by some magic influence the air cleared of the swirling incense, objects came plainly into view, and the perfume of the lotus flower changed to the acid smell of opium that clings to many Hindu temples. The lotus flower was gone, and its palpitating beauty had given place to the delicately tinted bowl they had at first admired.

Ayers regained his composure and faced his companion with defiant eyes. "You may believe me to be a fool, Longwood," he began, when the other interrupted him. "I know, too," he said slowly. "Let us find Lester."

Without another word they went through the low door and out upon the street, where the begging priests cinged away from their white faces and where the solitary lanterns dotted the blackness of the street. Ayers scratched a match and looked at his watch.

"Seven o'clock. It was 6:45 when we entered," he announced grimly.

Longwood made no answer. A half hour later, still silent, they found Lester at his bungalow. He was a tall man, thin and slender and not more than thirty years of age, yet the thick hair above his forehead was as white as snow. His keen dark eyes questioned them.

Ayers nodded. "We've been there, Lester. I owe you an apology for doubting your experience in the temple. If it was anything like ours"—He shuddered and threw himself into a chair.

"How did you guess we had been there?" asked Longwood, with a strange dread in his tone.

Lester swung open a door on the inner side of which a mirror was paneled. In its surface they saw reflected Ayers' flaxen head and pale face and Longwood's jet black hair with a single white lock on the forehead.

"I knew by that," said Lester gravely. "And—let me see your hands!"

The two men held out their hands, palms upward.

On the thumb and forefinger of each right hand was a small blood red stain shaped like the petal of a red lotus flower.

"You can't obliterate it," continued Lester, with a note of pity in his voice. "It is the lotus mark, and every man who has laid profane hands on the sacred bowl will carry that mark to his grave, and it will be an early grave, too, unless one can cover it up. That is one way to avoid the espionage of those who avenge. The other way"—He paused, and his voice lowered.

"The other way?" asked the two men eagerly.

"Is to leave the country, to clear out forever, and yet sometimes vengeance follows unless one covers the mark!" He moved to the cupboard and took down a bottle of some liquid and poured a little on his handkerchief. He rubbed the palm of his right hand and there sprang into view a small and perfect flower of the red lotus.

"We merely touched it and went down into hades!" breathed Ayers heavily. "And you—?"

"I held it in my hand and went still farther," said Lester coolly as he replaced the bottle and took down another one containing a milky substance. With a small sponge he covered the palm of his hand, and the red flower faded under a uniform flesh tint. "Here, hold out your hands," he added. "Water will not harm this covering. Time will wear it off, and it must be renewed. I will give you the recipe. We use it to call it our 'life preserver.' It will be yours too?"

"Why do they leave the blasted thing exposed like that? Why isn't there some warning that it must not be touched?" demanded Ayers excitedly as the red stain vanished from his fingers.

Lester smiled. "The temple is not for uninvited foreign devils to enter save at their own risk. If you had been warned of its malevolent influence, would you have touched the red lotus?"

The two men nodded assent, and Longwood asked, with a curious hesitation: "What are the force and the—the sigh? What is the explanation?"

Lester crossed the room and leaned from the window into the darkness of the garden. Presently he turned toward them, and his voice was low and strained.

"Only one man ever learned the truth about that. He was my friend. And before he could impart his knowledge to others"—He paused and again looked into the night.

"Yes?" prompted Ayers.

"He died," finished Lester quietly.

When Plainfield Boomed

By M. QUAD

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For years and years the other in habitants of the village of Plainfield had spoken of Simeon Jones as Simple Simeon. He was an old bachelor and lived alone. He had no opinions on politics or religion; he made his living by working for other folks by the day, and by raising crops on his two acres of land. When any one asked why Simeon was simple the only reason given was that he had once been offered \$500 for his place and refused to take it.

All of a sudden at a particular date it was discovered that Plainfield had a mineral spring, a pirate's cave and a hill from which an Indian maiden had leaped to her death. Result—a boom; result—the organization of the Plainfield Hotel and Land syndicate. It purchased the crest of Indian Maiden hill one day and set about the erection of a summer hotel the next. Of course property went up—all but Simple Simeon's two acres. The land company expected to get that at the same old price when it got around to make the offer. The hotel land and Simple Simeon's joined for a distance. When the hotel was completed its southern veranda was within ten feet of the line.

In due time, which was when the syndicate got good and ready, it offered Simple Simeon \$400 for the land. He shook his head. Then \$500 was offered, and when he refused it he was called an idiot. The hotel opened with another boom. Among its first guests were Professor Chiselhurst and a Mrs. Kipton. He was a naturalist and she a poet. He was a bachelor and she a widow. They took to each other. One July day, when there were sixty-five guests in the hotel and the syndicate was expecting every minute that Simple Simeon would call and accept their offer, that individual appeared in front of the south veranda and erected a rude bench. When he had finished the job and departed the professor and the poet descended the steps and sat on the bench to cool. They thought very kindly of Simple Simeon for putting it there. Next morning it was noticed that the bench was occupied by two bees, and the industrious insects could be seen flying in and out as they earned their wages.

Professor Chiselhurst had been anxious to deliver a lecture on natural history. Here was his opportunity. He offered the widow his arm, and the couple walked down the steps and over to the bees. The professor cleared his throat and began to talk. He had a cane in his hand and flourished it as he talked. He stated that the honeybee had been known for 10,000 years. Egypt used to be fairly swimming in milk and honey until the trust got in and raised the price. The bee must not be mistaken for the bumblebee. The latter was only a big loafer of a bee, content to sit on the fence all summer and die off at the coming of freezing weather. "And now, ladies and gentlemen," said the professor as he stepped back, "we come to the hive itself. The bee-hive is an emblem of industry."

Here the professor, carried away with his enthusiasm, tapped on one of the hives with his cane. The bees responded nobly. They had been interrupted in their industry and now poured forth to see what was up. The first half dozen lighted on the naturalist, and as he began to execute a barn dance there was hearty applause from the veranda. The next assortment hit the widow, and everybody was prepared to applaud her when the insects began to come thicker and to look higher, and the circus began. There were shrieks, yells, oaths and a rush for shelter, but a bee can follow where a human being can squeeze through. They followed. They buzzed. They were emblems of industry as well as the hives. Hardly a person in the hotel, from manager down to dishwasher, escaped. It took half a day of smudging and smoking and using brooms and dusters to clear the house, and the guests began to depart with the bees. Inside of two days the last had vanished. The poetess and the naturalist were among the last, and she faced him with swollen eyes and said:

"Professor, what a fool you were to rap on that beehive!"

"Widow, what a silly thing you were to write a poem on bees!" he retorted as he got his mouth open for the first time for hours.

And meanwhile what about Simple Simeon? Men had rushed to him and threatened him, but the bees were his and on his land. He did not propose to remove them, and they did not go until his two acres had been sold for a thousand dollars and the cash was in his hand. He just grinned and looked simple, and they hurried up to give him his money. When the property was transferred and the industrious bees and their emblems had been pitched into the pond the hotel began advertising for guests. No one responded. It was closed to reopen another season, but it still stood empty. It is untenanted today. The boom came and boomed, and then the bottom dropped out. Today the mineral spring still bubbles, and they will point you out the spot where the Indian maiden leaped to her death and where the pirate made his murderous lair, but Plainfield booms no more. Now and then an inhabitant will wake up to say that Simple Simeon was the only fool who made a dollar out of the hustle, but he is asleep again by the time you ask for details.

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7:11	6:45		
8:11	7:45		
9:23 Limited	8:45		
10:11	Limited 9:38		
11:11	10:45		
	11:45		
P. M.	P. M.		
12:28	Limited 12:38		
1:17	1:45		
2:11	2:45		
3:28	Limited 3:38		
4:11	4:45		
5:11	5:45		
6:28	Limited 6:38		
7:11	Limited 8:37		
9:08 Limited	10:38		
11:02			

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6 Chicago Express	12:23 pm
10 F. Lick and Laf. acco	9:42 am
12 F. Lick and Laf. acco	5:48 pm

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3 Louisville Mail	2:20 am
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11 Laf. and F. Lick acco	8:25 am
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One Who Knows Recommends a Remedy to Anxious Mothers.

My little boy, who is four years old, has suffered a lot with croup. On several occasions we thought he was gone.

After trying all the old time remedies and most of the new, I came home one night at midnight, and my wife said, "The boy has the croup again—suppose you get a bottle of Hyomei." "More junk," I said, "but we will circulate our money so they will all get some." I hastened to an all night drug store, brought it home. In five minutes he was breathing easier. In fifteen minutes he was sound asleep. It broke the croup so quickly it scared me.

Anyone wishing to cure the croup of a child I hope will give Hyomei a trial.

Wishing you the best of success, which you surely deserve, I remain Jos. E. Clark, 204 6th St. S. E. Washington, D. C., Oct 7, 1909.

Hyomei is a remarkably effective remedy in case of croup and it should be in every home where there is a croupy child. Full instructions how to cure croup comes with each outfit.

Complete Hyomei outfit including inhaler costs \$1.00 at druggists everywhere and at the Owl Drug store and the Red Cross Pharmacy. It is guaranteed to cure catarrh, coughs, colds and sore throat.

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I will be at my home in Jackson Township every Friday to transact the business of my office as trustee

BENJAMIN WALLS.

Floyd Township.

My office day will be Wednesday of each week at my residence.

FRED TODD, Trustee

Jefferson Township.

I will be at my residence each Friday to transact the business of my office.

OLIVER STRINGER.

Marion Township.

I will be at my residence in Marion Township on Friday of each week and Tuesday at Fillmore to transact the business of my office.

OTTO B. RECTOR.

Madison Township.

I will be at my office at my residence each Wednesday and Saturday to transact the business of Trustee of Madison Township.

W. STROUBE.

Mill Creek Township.

I will be at my home in Mill Creek Township on Wednesday and Saturday of each week to transact the business of my office.

ERNEST KIVETT, Trustee.

Clinton Township.

I will be at my home each Friday to transact the business of my office.

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Tickets sold July 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11

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Tickets sold July 5, 6 and 7.

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Cedar Point, Indian Lake, O., Clark's Lake, Devil's Lake, Ackerson's Lake, Mich., Winona Lake, Loon Lake, Mud Lake, Yellow Creek Lake, Waukegan Lake, Ind.

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How the Train Was Held Up

By BEVERLY WORTHINGTON

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All day we sped on, getting farther and farther from civilization. What had been three carloads at the start was soon reduced to one, and finally all save about a dozen passengers had dropped off. The country becoming arid, nothing to look at outside and nothing to do inside, some of us got together to talk. There was a Methodist minister in a white cravat and a woman dressed in calico, an Irishman with a red head and a colored man. Others there were, but these four are especially impressed on my memory. We had exhausted every topic we could think of and were pining for something to break the monotony of the journey when the conductor came in and said to us:

"We're coming to a place, a cut and a curve in the road, where there is a possibility of the train being held up. If you people have any valuables that you don't care to lose you had better dispose of them in some way by which they won't show up."

"How do you know the train is likely to be held up?" asked the Irishman.

"A man got on at the last station who said that his little daughter, only twelve years old, had heard some men laying a plan. They had agreed that they would go through this very train and at the cut two miles beyond Racoon. There's only one cut about there, and there's a curve in it."

"Why don't you go back?" asked the woman, trembling.

"Because there's no certainty about the matter. I don't know how well I can depend on the information. If I backed at every such report, throwing the road's schedule out, I'd soon get my walking papers."

"Where's the man who told about this?"

"In the baggage car."

One or two of the passengers went forward to interview the informer, while the others began to take measures to put their valuables in places where they would not likely be found. We had left Racoon and would be in the cut in a few minutes. The woman unhooked her dress in front and crammed in a pocketbook. The Irishman, thinking that she would not be likely to be forced to disrobe, asked her if she would kindly take charge of a roll of bills for him. She consented. No one of the other passengers—they were all men—seemed to be satisfied to keep his valuables on his person, so one by one they went to the woman and asked her to be their temporary safe deposit.

She was very obliging, but, not having room where she had put her own pocketbook, she suggested that they tie up their goods in their handkerchiefs and she would pin them on to the waistband of her petticoat.

This seemed so admirable a plan that every man in the car came to this lone woman and begged the protection of her skirts for his money, watch and jewelry of every kind. She was literally loaded down with them, having a circle of suspended articles around her waist.

The news that the train was likely to be held up was carried into the next car back—there were but two passenger cars—and half a dozen persons came into our car to learn about the matter. There was no more room for valuables under the woman's skirt, but the minister stepped forward with a plan, much to the relief of these newcomers. Taking off his silk hat, he said:

"I am carrying funds for the church, and, knowing of the danger of being robbed in this wild country, I had a false top put in my hat. I have room for what money any of you may wish to secure."

He took out the false top and put it back again on all the money there was left unprovided for.

But there was no room in the clergyman's hat except for money. The colored man opened a worn suit case that looked as if it would scarcely hold together to complete the journey and among the contents, some soiled underclothes, had a fifty cent piece and two nickels, all the money he had. This seemed to those passengers whose watches and jewelry had not been taken care of the acme of fine hiding places. No robber would expect to find anything in that suit case among a negro's soiled underclothes. Consequently the goods that had not yet been hidden were dumped into the tattered receptacle.

By the time the last article had been stored away the train reached the cut. The passengers held their breath while passing through it and breathed again on reaching the other end. When they were congratulating themselves on getting through safely there was a jerk on the bell rope, and the train suddenly came to a stop.

The passengers turned pale and kept their seats except the clergyman, the woman and the negro. They went to the door, apparently to see what had happened. But they did not stop there. Four horses stood saddled beside the track. The three passengers mentioned, the negro holding on to his suit case, jumped from the car and on to the horses. The fourth horse was mounted by the informer. Waving an affectionate adieu, they put spurs to their horses and were soon lost to view in a wood.

"By thunder," exclaimed the conductor, "that's the nearest job I ever dreamed of!"

Among all the passengers on the train there was not enough money left to buy a breakfast.

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Interesting to Know

The glands and organs within the body have the power to convert simple food into all the elements which make up the human body.

Each one of the spinal joints should have a certain amount of motion. When a joint becomes tight, motion is lessened—adhesions are formed, stiffness follows and then disease sets in.

Like all other branches of knowledge, the manner and methods of extinguishing pain and healing the sick, have of late years been improved and perfected. The birth and development of osteopathy is the crown and climax of the healing art. Overwhelming proof prevails that osteopathy cures where other methods fail.

If there be any better method, all truth-loving people are ready to accept it and there is no doubt that the afflicted of this community are ready to avail themselves of Nature's own aid to health as evidenced by the growing popularity and prestige of osteopathy.

In this matter of getting well and keeping well the same good judgment should be used as in the regulated business affairs. Go where you get returns for your investments. Every Tuesday and Friday at their offices, 117 South Jackson Street, Greencastle, Lady attendants. No charge for examination.

The Spaulhurst Osteopaths will advise what to eat, how to eat and how to live in such a way as to make your working machine capable of accomplishing more and better works. Thus years will be added to your life and life to your years. Their treatment is neither hard nor painful—not a cure all, but it makes more full and permanent cures of chronic ailments than all artificial methods.

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Food, not only relish a change of food, fowls from the best, but it is absolutely necessary that they have it. Continuous feeding of the same things in the same way will in time become tiresome, and the fowls lose their appetite. They must have a change even though we give them something not so good.

It is best to plan for this and arrange the food so that each day we find a different kind for them. If we have not enough variety to do this, then we should prepare them with Bucklen's Arnica Salve to prevent blood poison or gangrene. It's the quickest, surest healer for all such wounds as also for burns, boils, sores, skin eruptions, eczema, chapped hands, corns or piles. 25c at the Owl Drug Store and the Red Cross Drug Store.

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"No more will I hear his footsteps on yonder walk as the clock strikes the hour of 8."

"Gracious, Jeanette!"

"And the old parlor light will never burn low for him again."

"I do not mean it?"

"I do, and, furthermore, he will never sit on this sofa three times a week and call me pet names as he has been doing for the past two years."

"I am astonished."

"And to-night I am going to burn all the old love letters in my trunk."

"But why are you going to discard him?"

"Discard him? Why, you goose, I am going to marry him!"—Columbus Dispatch.



Romantic Lady Bug—Oh, Mr. Woodman, please spare that tree.

A Dreadful Wound.

from a knife, gun, tin can, rusty nail, fireworks, or of any other nature, demands prompt treatment with Bucklen's Arnica Salve to prevent blood poison or gangrene. It's the quickest, surest healer for all such wounds as also for burns, boils, sores, skin eruptions, eczema, chapped hands, corns or piles. 25c at the Owl Drug Store and the Red Cross Drug Store.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is sold on a guarantee that if you are not satisfied after using two-thirds of a bottle according to directions, your money will be refunded. It is up to you to try. Sold by all dealers.

Grandma's Ride

By M. QUAD

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Grandma Spooner was seventy-eight years old. She had been a farmer's widow for forty years and for the last fifteen had lived with her son Zadoc and his wife.

She broke her arm.

"Grandma, you are seventy-eight years old, and I'm afraid this is the end of things," said the doctor.

"That's what I'm thinking myself," she replied. "Please prop me up in bed. I want to go over things a little, doctor. I haven't had much fun in this world. At the age of ten I fell off the barn and broke four ribs."

"Yes, I've heard so."

"When I was twelve I chopped off one of my toes. At fifteen a horse ran away with me and broke my right leg. At seventeen I slipped on the ice and broke the other."

"Yes."

"At twenty I was almost drowned in a mill pond. At twenty-two I married Moses Spooner. Doctor, Moses was a poke of a man. He could hardly keep out of the way of a haystack. He was always wanting to rest. I was almost glad when he died."

"Since you knew me I have had a bug in my ear, fallen down stairs, been bitten by a snake, hooked by a cow, blown up with kerosene, twisted my ankle, fell out of a tree and had various bones broken. This breaking my arm is about the last of me, ain't it?"

"We will hope not, but—"

"Oh, talk it right out, doctor. You can't scare me none."

"As I told you, it's serious."

"I'm feeling that way, I reckon my days are over, but I'm not complaining. Do you know, I never went to a circus?"

"You didn't?"

"Never. I always had a broken leg or something when there was a circus, spelling school or party. I never went huckleberrying. I never skated or slid downhill. I never saw a mad dog or a balloon. I never went to a church picnic. I've always had broken bones on hand or been down with sickness. I ought to have some little fun in life, hadn't I? I ought to have seen a dog fight or something."

"Surely you had," replied the doctor.

"And I am sorry for you."

"Then I want you to do something for me. I've been whizzing along all my life, and I want to go out of it on the whiz. I want Zadoc to go to town and hire one of them autos and take me for a ride, and I want you to fix me up for it. I've got to go, but I want to go having fun."

"You've got a fever, and it will increase it."

"I can't help it."

"Moving you in and out of the auto will be very painful."

"But I'm used to it. I tell you, doctor, I'm going to have some fun to end up on if I have to jump down the well. It's my due. I just want to laugh good and hearty once before I go."

The doctor wrestled with grandma for the best of an hour, and then Zadoc was called in to decide. After listening to the arguments he said:

"Why, it looks all right to me. Seems as if mother ought to have some fun after all these years. She ain't got any new bones to break."

The doctor put it off another day, and then, thinking that the worry was as bad as the fever, he gave consent. Zadoc went to town and hired an auto and chauffeur, and the broken woman was carried out with all due precautions and seated in it. She was in good spirits from the brandy the doctor gave her.

"I hope you ain't blaming me any, Zadoc," she said as the machine moved off.

"Not a mite, mother."

"You know I've got to be seventy-eight years old?"

"Yes."

"And you can't remember ever hearing me even giggle, can you?"

"No, mother."

"Always had broken bones or something to keep me from feeling good. You was going to take me to the circus two years ago, but I fell down the cellar stairs the day before."

"Yes."

"You was going to take me to camp meeting last year, but I run a rusty nail into my foot."

"So you did."

"And we was talking of going to a picnic next week, and I went and broke my arm."

"Yes."

"But I guess I've got pretty nigh the end, Zadoc. Is there a smile on my face?"

"Why, mother, there surely is!"

"And I feel like giggling. Yes, sir, Zadoc, I believe I'm going to be tickled after all these years! You won't mind it, will you?"

"Not a bit, mother. Go ahead and grin and giggle and laugh."

"Then tell him to put on the whiz. It's great, Zadoc. It's grand. Don't you see me grinning. Can't you hear me giggling? Seventy-eight years old, and this is the first grin and the first giggle that I can remember!"

"Keep 'er up, mother. I shouldn't wonder if you'd live to be a hundred."

"More whiz, Zadoc—more whiz!"

And ten minutes later he said to the chauffeur:

"Get us back home—ma's dead!"

"You don't say?"

"Smiling to beat the band, but she's dead. Poor ma! She never had any fun till now, and this has whizzed the life out of her!"

Silence!

The instinct of modesty natural to every woman is often a great hindrance to the cure of curable diseases. Women shrink from the personal question of the local physician which seem indecate. The thought of examination is abhorrent to them, and so they endure in silence a condition of disease which surely progresses from bad to worse.

It has been Dr. Pierce's privilege to cure a great many women who have found a refuge for modesty in his offer of FREE consultation by letter. Their correspondence is held as sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription restores and regulates the womanly functions, abolishes pain and builds up and puts the finishing touch of health on every weak woman who gives it a fair trial.

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RADIANT HAIR

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Nothing keeps a woman youthful more than close attention to the hair. Any woman whose hair is dull, faded or lusterless cannot be either beautiful or attractive. Dull hair casts around its owner an environment of stupidity, while the woman with brilliant, lustrous and luxuriant hair though she may be far inferior in intellect than her dull haired sister, carries the honors because of her resplendent hair.

In Paris, where plain women know how to make and keep themselves beautiful, the great hair dressing called Parisian Sage is much in demand.

And since the introduction of Parisian Sage into America, over three years ago society women in all the large cities have learned that the easiest, quickest and surest way to turn lifeless, dull and unattractive hair into brilliant, lustrous and luxuriant hair is to use Parisian Sage.

Parisian Sage is sold by leading druggists in every town in America and by the Owl Drug Store and the Red Cross Pharmacy who guarantees it to cure dandruff stop falling hair and itching scalp in two weeks or money back.

Fifty cents for a large bottle of Parisian Sage. It is a most dainty perfumed hair dressing and it is not sticky or greasy. The girl with the Auburn hair is on every bottle.

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mark the wonderful progress of the age. Air flights on heavy machines, telegrams without wires, terrible war inventions to kill men, and that wonder of wonders—Dr. King's New Discovery—to save life when threatened by coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup, bronchitis, hemorrhages, hay fever and whooping cough or lung trouble. For all bronchial affections it has no equal. It relieves instantly. Asheville N. C., R. R. No. 4 writes it cured him of an obstinate cough after all other remedies failed. 50c. and \$1.00 A trial bottle free. Guaranteed by the Owl Drug Store and the Red Cross Drug Store.

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5c TO ALL

WATCH FOR SATURDAY NIGHT PROGRAM
FREDERICK JOHNS, Mgr.

MISSION OF A TINY FISH.

To Destroy Mosquito Eggs and Save Inhabitants of Malarial Regions.

C. Kenrick Gibbons has discovered that all the pools and swamps in Barbadoes are stocked with swarms of millions, a tiny fish which gets its name from its vast numbers and which feeds on the larvae of the mosquito.

Some specimens have been got to England successfully and flourished there in the insect house at the zoological gardens. Mr. Gibbons has proposed that the millions be imported into malarial districts, and his suggestion has been acted upon with happy results. The health board of Antigua, another island, being convinced of the useful part played by these fish in consuming mosquito larvae, has arranged for their systematic distribution throughout the ponds and streams of the island.

Like tidings come from Jamaica, whither a consignment of the fish was sent not long ago. The secretary of the agricultural society there writes that the tanks at a certain hotel are full of them and that he has been informed that there has been a marked diminution of fever round about, the millions evidently accounting for the mosquito larvae. They have also been sent to Colon and British Guiana. It is suggested that these useful fish get a trial in the malarial regions of Africa if, like the malarial mosquito, the insects which carry terrible diseases which are endemic there pass the larval stage of their existence in water.

The Swedish Consul at Frankfurt has discovered another small fish named the blue-eyed which feeds on mosquito larvae. At the request of the Italian Government some are to be sent to the Campagna, where so much has been done in recent years to diminish malaria.

The Wooing of the Woodcock.

The wooing of the woodcock is one of those sights to witness which a lover of nature in all its moods will make a journey of miles. The scene is enacted at twilight, and the setting is of willow or alder bushes whose branches are just beginning to show the tender green of early spring. Suddenly from the damp ground a bird form shoots upward like some swamp spirit until it is outlined against the gray of the evening sky. Then it circles above the branches, and the song of the wooing begins. Hidden in the darkness of the thick lower growth is the object to which this love song is directed. The bird above circles perhaps a score of times, then drops back to the damp thicket, making a sound which can be likened only to the dropping of water into a woodland pool. Again the bird soars and circles, singing still the love song. This is repeated time after time until the last gleam of light has faded and night's darkness comes down.

The Life Ideal.

"Just as soon as my husband and I have \$500 saved up, besides our fare, we are going back to England," said a woman player. "Then we are going to buy one of those kypsy wagons they have over there. They are too awfully jolly for words, don't you know. They are quite wide, have bunks, a cunning little kitchen and sitting room. You wander through the country all day, then at night you stop, cook your supper, sit under the trees, and sleep out in the open or in the wagon, just as you choose. Many of my artist and theatrical friends have them, and just wander from place to place. It is an ideal way to live; beats house-boats or bungalows. If you have ever slept out in the open and watched the stars over your head you feel smothered in a bedroom. I played through Australia, and we went from place to place in a big wagon, sleeping out of doors at night."—New Times.

DO YOU TAKE THE HERALD?

A REWARD

It Was Not For Timidity

By HARRY C. ERNST

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I arose after a night's journey in a sleeping car, made my toilet in the wash room at the end of the car, and when I returned to my berth it was made up. I found there the occupant of the upper berth, a sleek looking gentleman, well dressed and apparently prosperous, but with an anxious expression on his face that he could not conceal. He seemed to find it difficult to sit still and kept furtively looking about him as though he expected some one to pounce upon him.

We were entering Chicago and before reaching the terminal stopped at a suburban station. By this time my section mate looked so frightened that he was entirely unable to conceal his feelings. Standing up, he cast a glance out the window, hesitated, then, seizing his suit case, hurried from the train.

We had no sooner started again than, casting a glance at my own suit case, which had stood on the floor beside that of the departed passenger, I noticed that my name did not appear on its end. I quickly examined the other end, but it was not there either. I knew that my suit case bore my name and my city, so I at once made up my mind that the man who had occupied the other berth had taken mine instead of his own. I took out my key to see if I could open the one remaining, but it did not fit.

It struck me that there was something wrong with the man who had exchanged suit cases. Supposing he were a fugitive from justice, if I were found with his baggage I might be mistaken for him and get into trouble. It would be impossible for me to reach him and inform him of his mistake. I must go on to the depot without my suit case. He would discover my name and address on it, and since my residence was in Chicago he would, if honest, drop me a line through the postoffice.

But what should I do with his suit case? Did I not suspect him I would take it with me and return it to him when he returned mine. As it was, I decided to be found with it in my possession.

There was a young man sitting in the section opposite me. He looked rather seedy and melancholy. Beside him was a suit case. Just before entering the station he went to the other end of the car. Taking advantage of his absence, I changed suit cases with him. When he returned, since we were under cover of the station, the car was quite dark. He picked up the suit case I had placed on his seat and went out with it among the throng of passengers. I waited patiently, expecting every day to receive a note from the man who had my suit case. I couldn't address him, for there was no name on the suit case I had taken. I received no communication and finally gave up expecting any. I determined to open the suit case I had in my possession to see if I could find anything inside indicating to whom it belonged.

Forcing the lock, I found within pieces of linen clothing, a paper novel and a few letters. The latter were not in envelopes bearing an address, and, in order to discover if there was anything in them to give me the information I wished, I read them. They were from a girl who was very unhappy at her lover leaving her to go to Chicago to seek his fortune. By mutual consent they had given up all hope of a union because the lover was poor and they couldn't afford to marry. I had gained this information before I came to the words, "I shall send your letters to No. — street." I knew this was a Chicago street.

Here was what I wanted. I wrote a note to the young man stating that (by mistake) he had taken my suit case and if he had mine I would like to exchange with him.

I received no reply for some weeks; then I got a letter containing some remarkable information—information that made me regret my timidity of being mistaken for a criminal. Indeed, I desired to "kick" myself all over the three "sides" that compose Chicago. The young man told me that he had opened the suit case and in it had found a package of bank bills to the amount of \$50,000. Seeing in newspaper telegraphic news from an eastern city of a bank robbery, he had communicated with the officers of the bank, returned the money and had received a reward of \$5,000 for doing so. Meanwhile the police had got on the track of the robber, who had been the bank's paying teller, and he had been arrested. The young man added that it was supposed the guilty party had purposely changed suit cases with him, not daring to face the police of Chicago, who might be watching for him. He wound up by apologizing for his long silence on the ground that he had been east to secure his reward and had brought back a wife with him.

So I had turned over \$50,000 of stolen money to another, enabling him to reap \$5,000 reward. But I had much consolation in the fact that I had been the means of uniting a pair of lovers who had given each other up. I met the young man and his wife afterward. They were making a fortune out of that reward.

While this young man made a clean \$5,000 out of the operation, I lost my baggage, which contained a new \$100 evening suit, with several valuable toilet articles.

For Women

You will find your favorite toilet preparation here. We carry in stock the following.

TALCUM POWERS
Lanes 10 cents.
Balfour's 10 cents.
Eastman's Crusted Roses 15 cents.
Mennens Plain and Violet 15 cts.
Colonial 15 cents.
Corylopsis 25 cents.
Colgates Cashmere Bouquet 25 cts.
Colgates Cashmere Bouquet 25 cts.
Squibbs 25 cents.
Tetlows 1 can 25 cents.
Allans 1 can 25 cents.

FACE POWERS.
Tetlows 5 and 10 and 15, 25 cts.
Satin Soin, Sanitol, Freeman's, Velveola, Rogers and Gallet, Rice Powder 25 cents each. Carmen, Pozzonis and La Blache, Melba 50 cents.

CREAMS.
Carmen Cold Cream 25 cents.
Ponds Extract 25 and 50 cents.
Crema Elcaya 50 cents.
Malvina 50 cents.
Sanitol 25 cents.
Hudnut Marvelous 25 and 50 cts.
Doggett & Ramsell 25 cents.
De Meridor 25 cents.
Ingrams Milkweed 50 cents.
Kosmeo 50 cents.
Melba 50 cents.
Berry's 50 cents.
Pompeum Massage 50 cents.
Egyptian Massage 50 cents.
Hinds Honey and Almond 50 cts.
Oriental \$1.50 and others.

Badger & Cook

WEST SIDE DRUGGISTS

PERSONAL

Rev. Henry Happel, of Evansville, Ind., will preach at the Baptist Church Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Let everybody who can possibly do so, hear the Rev. Happel as the pulpit is being filled now with a view to calling a pastor. The public cordially invited.

Clarence Boswell spent Sunday in Indianapolis.

Chas. Zeis was in Terre Haute yesterday.

Maude Taylor and Mammie Siddons spent Sunday in Brazil.

Dick Harlan was in Brazil yesterday.

W. M. Jackson and family are spending the day in Indianapolis.

Miss Florence Lewis has returned to her home in Indianapolis after a week's visit with Miss Meda Todd.

Prof. and Mrs. E. R. Roller and children, of Lafayette, were here visiting relatives and friends yesterday. Prof. Roller was a De Pauw man, and formerly taught in the Greencastle High School.

Miss Anna Jacobs was an inter-urban passenger this morning.

On account of the rain the Elks Picnic, which was to have been held this evening at the Stoner Grove west of town, was held in the Elks Club Rooms.

Oscar Thomas, while at the home of his father, W. M. Thomas in West Madison Township Sunday night, had a close call from lightning. The bolt struck a tree with in twenty feet of the house in which Mr. Thomas and his father and family were seated. None were shocked, although Mr. W. M. Thomas suffered somewhat from the concussion of the thunder clap that followed.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Cook and children are moving from their home at the corner of Elm and Crown streets to Indianapolis.

Ora Moffett spent Sunday in Cloverdale.

James Hardin, of Brazil, was in town this morning.

David Houck is reported to be improving.

Thomas Sewall is still confined to his home with tonsillitis. Frank Dunn is taking his place at the fire department.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Houck and daughter, of Indianapolis, were here visiting relatives, yesterday.

Mrs. J. B. Nelson will return from Indianapolis this evening where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Shubrick.

Ed. Coffman fell from the front porch at his home last evening, lacerating his left hand severely.

Bankrupt Sale

Of The

Enterprise Stock

BEGAN JUNE 18.

THE FEDERAL BUILDING RE-LET

Mr. Holmes, a contractor, from Terre Haute, was in town this afternoon to look over the Federal Building site. Mr. Holmes states that he is the successful bidder on the reletting of the contract. Some changes are to be made in the granite foundation, etc., but otherwise the building will be much as when first planned. Mr. Holmes was here in company with Ex-Mayor Steeg.

The S. C. C. Girls will meet with Miss Nellie Leutke Tuesday, June 28th.

A feature of the new Elks club room will be a picture rail upon which will be the pictures of all of the members of the lodge. The picture rail will run entirely around the club room. Each of the pictures will be in a frame and will have the autograph of the member written on it.

James Watson is away from his work at the Hub Clothing store on a two weeks' vacation.

Miss Lucy Allen, who taught at Calumet, Mich., this year, will arrive home this afternoon. After the completion of her school work she went to Sangauk, Mich., a summer resort, and has been there for a two weeks rest.

T. C. Grooms, A. O. Lockridge and O. L. Jones attended the township Sunday school convention at Russellville yesterday and took part in the program. They report an excellent convention.

Dr. T. A. Sigler, who has been serious sick for the past few days, is able to be out again.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Brothers have left for a several weeks visit with relatives, in Northern Putnam.

Genevieve and Elizabeth Daggy are visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Carpenter in Noblesville.

A. B. Hanna is in Indianapolis today.

Mrs. J. P. Hughes spent yesterday in Terre Haute.

Dr. Chas. Sudranski went to Indianapolis yesterday afternoon, to accompany Mrs. Sudranski home from that city. Mrs. Sudranski has been visiting relatives there for the past few days.

Mrs. Elmer Doll has returned from a visit with her mother, Mrs. Gautier, at her home in North Vernon. Mrs. Doll will take Miss Hanna's place as librarian, during Miss Hanna's summer vacation.

Mrs. G. W. Bence has returned from a visit with friends in North Vernon.

Laura King, of Terre Haute, spent Saturday and Sunday with friends here.

Iva Cunningham spent Sunday at Centerpoint.

Mrs. S. C. Prevo is expected home today from Walnut Prairie, where she attended the funeral of her niece, Miss May Mount of that town. Miss Mount was known here, having visited here several times.

Jimmy Madden, of Chicago, who has been here for several weeks on a vacation, will leave Wednesday for Chicago. Mr. Madden travels for a Chicago wholesale house.

Charley Preston, who formerly lived here but who now is teaching at Monticello, has been nominated by the Republicans of his county for the office of County Clerk. The primary was held last Friday, Monticello is in White County, and the normal Republican majority is near 500.

We Want

To call your special attention to our Bakery Department. Our Cakes, Rolls, Pies and Bread are the best in the city.

ZEIS & CO.

Phone 67.

Grocers and Bakers.

A Young Man's Bank

Our Officers and Directors realize that the continued success of this bank and the future prosperity of Greencastle and Putnam County depends upon our young men. You will own all the land and do all the business in this locality in the near future and we want your business and good will. We are ready to help you if you are trying to help your self. Not many young men these days can make any great financial success without a good bank back of them. Come in and let us talk it over with you.

CAPITAL \$100,000.00 SURPLUS \$100,000.00

The Central National Bank

COOLED BY ELECTRIC FANS THE BIG MOVING PICTURE SHOW

GREATEST ON EARTH AT OPERA HOUSE
PICTURES TONIGHT—"Rancho Hats," "Bill Poster Tricks," "The Story of Psyche," SONGS AND VIEWS—"In the 'Shady Lane,'" "Love Me All the Time," "Dollie," "300 feet fine film," Fine music, Two shows. First show begins at 7:30, mission 10 cents. Children 5 cents.
GEO. E. BLAKE, Mgr.

Racer Bittles is home from New York.

J. E. McLeay, of Indianapolis, formerly proprietor of the drug store now owned by Badger and Cook, was here today.

POETRY WORTH READING

Plaint of the Humble Writer.
I am just a humble writer
With no plutocratic hoard—
Doing scribbling grave, or lighter,
To secure my bed and board.
But what can a story-teller
Do to earn his pork and beans
Now that John D. Rockefeller
Sells stuff to the magazines?

A. Carnegie is an author
Crowding out we lesser lights,
Joking in the "fuss" and pother
Over everything he writes.
'Tis a long climb up Parnassus,
Old Pegasus's gait is slow—
And the billionaires can pass us
While, despairing, on we go.

Shudder, all ye fiction-makers,
All who do adventure tales;
All ye busy nature-fake's
Be prepared to wait some walls!
Who will care to read how chipmunks
Telegraph to all their friends?
Roosevelt next year will nip monks
For his literary ends.

Editors demand a lion
Roaring from the cover page;
Soon will William Jennings Bryan
To do serials engage.
Gruff old fighting Robley Evans
Does the story of his ships;
All's at sixes and sevens,
We but get rejection slips.

I am but a humble writer,
Using up the midnight oil;
Better far were I a fighter,
Or in some financial toll.
Or an earnest politician—
Then the editors would see
What a store of erudition
Is in stories done by me.
—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in Chicago Evening Post.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is sold on a guarantee that if you are not satisfied after using two-thirds of a bottle according to directions, your money will be refunded. It is up to you to try. Sold by all dealers.

ADVERTISE IT IN THE HERALD.

JOHN EITEL & SON

Phone 354

Fine Pink Rose Plants

At 10c Each.

VACUUM CLEANING—PHONE 555

FOR SALE—Twine and Buggies at cut prices. Thomas Buggy Co. Ora Moffett has returned from a week's fishing trip on the Eel River.

FOR SALE—Spring Chickens. Apply 104 Martinsville Street.

What Is a Billion?

A billion in Britain is a million times a million.

But no man is able to count it. You will count 160 or 170 a minute. But let us suppose that you go up as high as 200 a minute, hour after hour. At that rate you would count 12,000 an hour, 28,000 a day, or 105,120,000 in a year.

To count a billion would require a person to count 200 a minute for a period of 9,512 years, 342 days, 5 hours and 20 minutes, providing he should count continuously. But suppose we allow the counter twelve hours daily for rest, eating and sleeping; then he would need 19,025 years, 319 days, 10 hours and 40 minutes in which to complete the task!

Oral Hygiene.

One of the diseases of civilization is defective teeth, and the more study there is given to oral hygiene the clearer it becomes that inattention to health of the teeth accounts for not a few other ills of the body. In difference would bring, dentists with public spirit are now moving for recognition by education of the part which oral hygiene should have in the service of the public school to the child. They are insisting on dental as well as medical inspection of children, not for selfish ends, but to correct, early in life, tendencies which will debilitate the entire system if not checked.